



# Halloween

Enjolchilles

## **Halloween** by Enjolchilles

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**Summary:**

The original Losers celebrating Halloween before and after Georgie's death

# Halloween

## Author's Note:

I never thought i'd post a non-musical fic but here I am! I watched the new It movie 4 times and am almost done with the book, so I couldn't not write something!

**Before-** October 31, 1987

1

Bill mounted his giant bike and began to peddle. He swerved from right to left, side to side, till he got the hang of it. Riding straighter and faster now he gathered his breathe and bellowed:

*“Hi-yo Silver AWAY!”*

No one was with him, and no one could hear him, but he found joy in the little phrase anyways. A grin broke on his face. Crisp October air blowing his hair around. It wasn't too cold yet in Derry, Maine. The wind was always there, and the rain, well that was common too.

He stopped just a few feet away and dismounted. His parents, although they allowed him to ride it, were constantly worried he would get hurt. It was an understandable concern. Such a large bike for such a young kid. He waked it into his garage.

When entering his home he was greeted by his mother's piano

playing. He made his way upstairs to his bedroom.

## 2

Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier, and Eddie Kaspbrak were heading over to Bill's. It was time for their annual Halloween scary movie.

Stanley, not being much for costumes, pretty much didn't care. He found one of his old boy scout uniforms in the very depths of his closet. It miraculously still fit him. So he borrowed a fake blood capsule from Richie and smeared it all over. It was blotchy and all over the place, which bothered the hell out of him. But he needed to dress up. So if anyone asked he was a *Zombie Boy Scout*, not that anyone would care.

Halloween was the best holiday in Richie's opinion. Tricks and treats, what's not to love! It was the perfect season for his pranks and impressions. This year he decided to be a vampire. His costume consisted mostly of cheap black and white clothing and a long dark red cape. Not to mention 9

*10 he gave the first to Stan Uris*

fake blood packets. To top of his look he would use some weird mix of a Russian and Romanian accent. Sort of like the ones you would hear them use in the movies he would go see at the Aladdin. To him it sounded authentic, you couldn't tell where Richie ended and the vampire began. To everyone else it just sounded like classic Trashmouth.

Eddie didn't really know how to feel about the holiday. He loved seeing all his classmates and neighbors dressed up. And he loved

watching creepy movies with his friends. On the other hand it was just so unsanitary. Taking something from some stranger and then digesting it? Who knows what that could give you? His mom didn't want him to go out, or dress up. She didn't want him to be a ghost with a sheet over his head cause he could suffocate. She didn't want him using paint or fake blood, it could get in his eyes, nose, mouth, or ears and infect him. Or give him a rash. So for years his costume has been the same. A big brown winter coat (can't catch a cold now can we?) and some fluffy dog like ears. His mother convinced him he looked like a werewolf.

### 3

Richie went up to bang loudly on Bill's door. Stan stopped him and calmly rang the doorbell, not wanting to give Bill's poor mom and dad a heart attack. Georgie answered the door with a big smile.

"George! Where is your brother!" Richie asked with his Dracula accent, his W sounding more like a V.

Georgie giggled a little then yelled for Bill up the stairs. His mother shushed him.

The boys walked in and closed the door behind them.

Bill trotted down the stairs. He wore a blue robe and a wizard's hat.

"Hey g-guys"

“Hiya Bill. Ready for our movie night?” Richie asked, rubbing his hands together.

“O-Of course. C-c’mon let’s go t-t-to the living r-room.”

They walked in and sat down on the large couch in front of the television.

“Are you guys going trick-or-treating?” George asked with a big smile of adoration for his brother and friends.

“No, w-we’re too old for that Juh-Juh-Georgie.”

He frowned. “No you’re not. You’re not even that much older me!”

“Y-yeah I am. Almost h-half your a-age.”

Georgie sat down on the chair next to the couch. “Watcha watching?”

“A v-very scary movie.”

“Can I watch?”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Interjected Stan.

“Why not?”

“Yeah why not Stan?” Richie asks.

“I just think he’s too young. I don’t want to scar him for forever.”

“Nah, we’re letting Eddie watch it” Richie pointed to his left.

“I’m not a baby Richie” Eddie shrieked, “I can handle it.”

“Of course you can Eds.” Richie pinched Eddie’s cheek, “Cute!”

Eddie swatted his hand away, “You know I hate that!”

They all laughed.

George was allowed to stay there with them until he got too scared. Which he insisted he wouldn’t.

They sat there huddled on the couch, attention on the television.

**After-** October 31, 1988

1

Earlier this month Georgie went missing. Not dead, just lost. He was still a fresh wound for Bill and his parents. This Halloween was no longer normal. Bill's favorite holiday was transformed into just another melancholy day. But he couldn't stop his annual tradition of watching some horror flick with his friends. They were probably sick of him, his disinterest in anything, his random bursts of immense sadness. He wasn't talking to them much this past month. How could he be with his friends when his

*Bestest friend*

kid brother was missing.

2

There would be no costumes this year. No gore makeup. No making fun of Eddie's dumb repeated costume. No annoying accents from Richie. No Stan rolling his eyes at all the kids running around everywhere. No Bill getting angry when he couldn't even say *trick or treat* without stuttering.

This past month hadn't been easy for anyone, especially not Bill and



his family. Their once fearless leader became broken and distant. They wondered how long the Bill they knew would be gone.

They walked silently to Bill's house. The only noise the crunch of the autumn leaves under their feet.

3

They sat on Bill's couch just like every year. The quiet was uncomfortable. No one would speak, so they just popped in the movie. During the more graphic parts normally Bill and Richie would pay close attention while Stan comforted a gagging Eddie.

But today something unexpected happened, Bill began to cry. Nothing necessarily triggered it. Perhaps his own thoughts or the deaths on screen. This was the first time they had seen him truly cry. They didn't stop him, they huddled closer, arms wrapped around him and continued watching.

### **Author's Note:**

Tell me what you think! I really want to write more "It" if anyone has suggestions or prompts. Happy Halloween!